Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
King. My fathers death.
life *Qu.* Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonord.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt. misused
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettel circling now thy brow, my
Had graſt the tender temples of my childe,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a praye for wormes.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrongd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
the Hereafter time for time, by thee paſt wrongd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtred,
in Vngouernd youth, to wayle it with their age. her
The parents liue whoſe children thou haſt butcherd,
Old withered plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſuſed, eare vſed, by time miſuſed orepaſt.
King. As I entend to proſper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hoſtile armes, my ſelfe my ſelfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy reſt,
Be oppoſite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
tender I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her conſiſts my happineſſe and thine,
Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, her ſelfe, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
desolate Sad deſolation, ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SC